

The Times.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II. NO. 20.

GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 71.

Conrad De Castro.

THE OATH BOUND;

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER & GOLDEN KEY.
A UNION STORY BY THIRTEEN AUTHORS.

EDITED BY ROB. G. STAPLES.

CHAPTER IX.

BY C. M. TENLEY.

A new relative.—The disappointment.

As the result of his enquiries while in Philadelphia, Conrad learned that Clara and Mrs. Russ were sojourning at the country seat of a wealthy farmer a few miles distant from the city. He at once set out accompanied by his friend Walter for the designated spot, and while they were venturing their way thereto he will take leave of them, and turn our attention to Clara and Imelda. We have associated their names from the fact that since their meeting at the party given by Mrs. Russ, they had become most intimate friends and were constantly in each other's society. As between Conrad and Walter, so there had sprung up between them a most congenial but without mysterious union. We cannot say they had no secrets locked up in their bosoms, and that each told to the other all the sorrows which poisoned their cup of existence, for such was not the case. Not that there was a lack of confidence, but they implicitly confided in each other; but when the gentle Imelda poured into the wondering ear of her friend the touching story of her love, and recounted in rapturous strains the many virtues of her lover, the faithful affection of that friend forbade the disclosure that she too was beloved by Conrad. Frequent were their conversations upon this topic, and equally gratifying were they both; for while Clara, if influenced by no other consideration, was compelled by her regard for Imelda to forego all idea of becoming Conrad's bride, still she could not altogether forget her kind preserver, nor be indifferent to his praise.

We will anticipate the result of Conrad's visit to the farmer's a little by saying that Clara and Imelda had left Mr. Blake's (for such was the farmer's name) the day previous to his arrival for the purpose of visiting a mutual friend a few miles further on. Mrs. Russ, however, did not accompany them. On the arrival of Conrad and his friend they were put in possession of these facts, and Conrad, eager for the consummation of his soul-nursed object, would have proceeded without delay. But as the night had already thrown her darkness over the earth, and as there was much reason to apprehend that unused to the road as they were they might become lost, the friends were finally prevailed upon to "put up" for the night.

We are now, reader, in the snug little parlor of Mr. Blake's residence. The flaming logs crackle upon the hearth, shedding their light and heat and giving the room a cheerful and comfortable appearance. The right of the fire-place is occupied by Mr. Blake who enjoys heartily the aromatic effluvia arising from his pipe, the smoke occasionally enveloping him. Opposite him is seated his good lady—the very model of a true woman, whose efforts are constantly being put forth to render her guests comfortable and happy. Mrs. Russ, Conrad and Walter complete the circle. They were busy in conversation, you remember, reader, when we first entered; but now a stillness rests upon them. All seem wrapt in their own thoughts. The talkative Mr. Blake has suddenly grown taciturn, and you will observe that so far as his actions indicate his thoughts are concentrated upon his wife and Conrad, for his gaze rests alternately upon them, and he appears engaged in drawing a contrast between the two.

Mrs. Blake is the first to break silence: "A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Blake!" "Well, my dear, if those thoughts have resulted in correct conclusions, I am sure you would bid much higher for them." "You but increase my anxiety to know what they were—will you not tell me?" "If you will retire with me a few moments, I will with pleasure." Mrs. Blake arose, and excusing themselves the pair withdrew from the room. Let us follow them.

"Did you not tell me, Lucie, that your sister had another child beside Ime?" "I did." "A son?" "Yes." "You also told me if I mistake not that his features resembled to a remarkable degree those of his mother, and that you also resembled her very much?" "All this I told you, but what have these queries to do with the thoughts you promised to communicate?" "Listen! While engaged in conversation in the parlor, I noticed a male play-

over the features of our young guest De Castro—" "Is that his name?" interrupted Mrs. Blake almost breathlessly. "Such was the appellation employed by Mrs. Russ in introducing him," responded Mr. Blake. "I did not so understand her." Mr. Blake continued: "That smile was so much like your own, that my attention was immediately riveted. On comparing your features I found the greatest similarity existing and to be brief I verily believe that—" "Heaven grant it!" And not waiting to hear more, Mrs. Blake bounded back to the parlor. We need not detail the response made by Conrad to Mrs. Blake's interrogatories—suffice it to say that Mr. Blake's thoughts did result in correct conclusions and that Conrad and Mrs. Blake were indeed related by ties of consanguinity.

After mutual congratulations Conrad begged that his aunt would favor him with the history of his sister which she promised to do on some future occasion. For the reader's benefit, however, it is necessary that we should anticipate her somewhat by stating that the old physician into whose care she had been committed by her mother was aware that a sister of hers was in America, and without consulting her parent on the subject or making her acquainted with the fact sent her to her aunt, and in a lengthy and tender epistle, turned over his charge to her care and keeping. A further explanatory remark is indispensable. Clara's birthday it will be remembered was celebrated at the residence of Mrs. Russ. Clara was not altogether pleased with country-life, and therefore Mrs. Blake, who indulged her in all her wishes, permitted her to reside in the city of New York with Mrs. Russ who was a well-tried friend of hers, and with whom she felt she could well entrust her niece. So kind was Mrs. Russ to Clara that she loved her as a mother, and indeed she would persist in alluding to her as such.

Early in the morning Conrad set out for the house at which Clara was visiting. He did so with a light heart, for now he had something tangible on which to build his expectations. There was no longer any doubt of her being his long-sought sister, and he fondly anticipated the hour when he should clasp her to his heart as such. Alas! the frailty of human hopes and plans! Conrad was again doomed to disappointment! It is true he breathed into her ear the endearing title "sister," but her lips uttered not "brother" in return. That word never had fallen upon his ear, and fate decreed that it never should! The ear he addressed was stopped and the tongue that in life would so joyously have spoken the word he so longed to have, was now speechless. The lips he so furiously bathed in kisses, crimsoned not beneath the touch of his own—the eye that in life would have burned back his love-glances were sightless now—the heart that would have idealized him in the new relation of brother, had no pulsations of affection now to give. CLARA WAS DEAD!

We forbear here—there is a sacredness in grief which should not be trespassed upon, and we therefore reserve for a future chapter the circumstances attending this sad dispensation.

CHAPTER X.

BY ROB. G. STAPLES.

The revelation.—The skeptic a believer. Clara and Imelda had been riding out the previous evening to enjoy the salubrious atmosphere of a calm and beautiful midsummer moonlight. On their return, the horse took fright, and dashed along the road at a fearful rate—in turning suddenly a point in the road, the carriage was upset, and Clara thrown head foremost against a rock, which caused her death immediately.—Imelda escaped being hurt. Conrad's grief was great. When he thought he had reached the acme of bliss, to the cup of pleasure was ruthlessly dashed from his grasp, and naught but woe, woe unutterable was his portion. But is there not a providence in this? We shall see.

"This night, and a dim light flickers and casts a sickly glare on all within the room. The pale features—beautiful even in death—are uncovered, and Conrad imprints a kiss on the ashly lips of Ime. Walter Holland is seated on one side of the room, with his head resting in his hands, and his hair hanging deshevelled about his face. Imelda reclines upon the sofa in the darkest part of the room. Her brow

bore the marks of deep grief for she loved Ime with all a sister's love. The door opens noiselessly—a tall, gaunt looking female glides in like a spectre-ghost. She looks on all around, at length her attention is fixed upon Walter. She approaches him, and placing her hands upon his head, he starts up with a vacant stare—but as he recognizes the features of the Hermitess of Hazel Glen—he grasps her bony hand, and gives it the hearty shake of a friend. The Hermitess has lost all her wild appearance of lunacy—and instead of the weird unnatural appearance, which she formerly possessed, her hair is combed back—and a calm is seated upon her furrowed brow. There was really a sweetness in her tone, as she addressed the young man!

"Walter—where have you wandered? I have sought you in the city—in the country, and almost everywhere 'till now. I have been diligently seeking you ever since your mother's death. The day after your soul winged its upward flight, there was a package came from England to her address. I took the privilege of opening it. 'Twas from him, whom she had ever supposed her father. The letter is the writing of a dying man, behold how uneven—at times almost illegible. He begins by asking forgiveness. The love of gold, prompted him to sell her soul to misery—but that God, who is the searcher of every heart, would give his guilty conscience no rest. Walter, a De Castro's blood flows in your veins."

The youth started. And turned pale, Conrad was still leaning over the pale corpse of his sister, and was un-mindful of sight that was transpiring.

"How can this be?" exclaimed Walter breathlessly.

"Listen! you have heard of the oath of the De Castros?"

"I have."

"Well—Your grand-father was Conrad's uncle. He married a young and beautiful woman. Their first offspring was your mother. The Doctor who attended upon madam De Castro was a humane man—aware of the oath of the family—and was aware also even before your Mother's birth that the child would be a girl. So, the history tells that he made the arrangement with the servant of an English Lord, who was visiting Spain, and who had a fine boy child but a few days old, to make the exchange and unbeknown to De Castro, this child was introduced into his family and when your mother was born the exchange was made, even without the knowledge of your Grand-mother. The servant of this English Lord died in a few days after the exchange was made, and your mother was adopted into the family, and died without the knowledge of her true parentage."

Walter waited to hear no further—Springing forward, he threw his arms around the neck of Conrad and wept. The relationship existing between the two was explained to Conrad by the Hermitess.

He returned the warm, and affectionate embrace of his Cousin.

"And is this mysteriousness, God?"—he exclaimed—looking upwards with reverence.

"There is a God!" exclaimed the Hermitess in tones that thrilled the very soul of Conrad De Castro. "The whole universe proclaims it. The mysterious web of thy own life, Conrad De Castro corroborates it. Man—believe!—Does not that Golden Key of man's happiness or his misery, thy conscience tell thee, there is a supreme ruler of the universe, who holds our destinies in the palm of his hands. The very face of thy dead sister looks at us as speaking to thee now—man be hold it!"

Quickly his eyes fell upon that face, and an ashy pallor settled on his brow. "There is a God!" broke forth from between his clenched teeth—and he fell upon his knees—with a full consciousness of the divine truth. A fervent soul felt prayer parted his lips, and the divine light of truth entered his mind. Conrad was a believer.

CHAPTER XI.

BY MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON.

The burial.—The history of Clara. Death! O! Death!—what solemn reigns, Through thy gloomy dark domains! Not a sound reaches there, Not a murmur strikes the air!

Times and seasons pass away— Slumbers still the silent clay— Not a movement marks the frame Sleeping—sleeping still the same!

Clara thus in silence lies— Closes this in death her eyes, And her brother o'er her weeps Whilst unconscious thus she sleeps.

"Clara! O! how shrill the cry! 'Clara! O! that I could die! Then my heart should be at rest, Then with thee should I be blest!'"

O'er the grave thus Conrad bends, Thus his to Heaven commends, When amid his deep dismay Cries a voice: "Away! away!"

Preparations were making to consign the lovely Clara to her last resting place. The winding sheet—the Coffin—the solemnities of the funeral inspired the assembling friends and acquaintances with awe and gloom—for all that stand in the

presence of the dead are apt to feel that God is there; and yet we are constrained to acknowledge that he does all things well. And now as they surrounded the grave, the preacher pointed to the state of rest and happiness beyond it where "all tears are wiped away from all eyes." The great deep of Conrad's heart was broken up; and as he reclined on Walter's shoulder, he wept aloud. He felt indeed, that he had lost his Sister, but that he had found "the pearl of great price." His golden Key had unlocked the treasure house of eternal glory; and had brought to his view the heavenly mines within. And now he mourned, but not without hope, for he indulged the pleasing anticipation of meeting her again. Long had he sought for her in this world, but sought in vain. To meet with her only at her departure to the grave was the acme of disappointment and woe!

The friends had all retired one by one from the grave. Even Walter at his request had left him to his own meditations. The shadows of the evening were fitting over the landscape. The lowing of cattle and the tinkling of their bells were heard, as they were wending their way to the farm-houses. The songsters of the grove were hushed into silence and had retired into their shady coverts amongst the evergreens for the night. A large weeping willow hung over the grave—swaying its branches to and fro, and it was trembling in its every leaf. Conrad knelt by his sister's grave and prayed for the guidance and direction of that Being whom he had so long abused.

A hand was suddenly laid upon his head. He turned it—the Hermitess of Hazel Glen was at his side. "God will hear thy prayer and wilt answer it, if it proceeds from sincere lips. But the evening dew is falling—go—thy aunt wishes to see thee."

"Ah!" said Conrad, "you seemed once to know much of my past life."

"Yes, when an infant I caressed thee. A long dark night has passed over my vision since then—but go thou to thine Aunt's dwelling. She is waiting to receive thee."

Conrad now left the grave sad and sorrowful, and went to Mrs. Blake's. He found her alone. Soon he requested her to give him an account of Clara's life—still deeply, though almost vainly, interested in it now that she lay silent in the lurid grave.

"When I first received her in my charge," said Mrs. Blake, "she was brought to me by a sailor. With her came a letter also from the doctor, who was her mother's physician stating, that she was desired to be educated by me, and that a time might come at length, when she would possibly be reinstated in her own rights. Knowing her to be my sister's child, I fondly raised her as my own. And I omitted no opportunity of giving her all the scholastic advantages worthy of her high position. And thus it was, that Clara grew in grace and beauty—loved for her many virtues and esteemed for her high attainments in knowledge."

"When nearly fourteen years of age, she came from the city where she had been placed at school, to spend a week with me. We were sitting together in the parlor, and she was telling me some of the occurrences, that had transpired at school. An old woman bowed down with age stood before us—evident marks of derangement were upon her features—yet she had lucid intervals of reason, and seemed at times to be herself again. She called for food—my kind-hearted niece led her to that old arched chair, and placed some nutriment before her. She looked at it and yet hardly touched it. In the mean time she constantly gazed at both Clara and myself. She took Clara by the hand and smoothed her shining tresses. Then she addressed me thus: "'Woman! this is not your child. She belongs far, far over the deep; and yet you are connected with her, by the ties of consanguinity. And her name—why do you call her Clara? Her name was Ime.'"

"Clara is the name which I gave her," I replied. "But how does it happen that you know my niece?"

"It matters not—you need not make that enquiry. She was a De Castro. She was born in Spain. Her father lives no longer. I saw him die. He was murdered! O! my Maker! Shall I ever forget that awful night? When I came upon the murderers my brain was all on fire! Ah! yes! it burns still! I raved! I prayed: it was in vain! my mother was closed—and I was carried away I knew not whither."

"And now the wild woman broke out in a loud ideotic laugh. At length she grew calm."

"Ime my dear child—thy father is dead!" said she "thy mother is pining away in sorrow—ah! how anxious to see thee; to clasp thee to her bosom!"

have travelled many weary miles to restore that child to her mother's arms!" "Having uttered these things, she withdrew from my dwelling—hastening rapidly away and no entreaties could prevail on her to stop any longer.

"I picked up a Newspaper a few days after, and saw the tragical end of her father. And the words of the weird woman, the more vividly came to my view.

"Soon after this an old gentleman came to my house and promised he would take Ime to Spain with him, as he was going thither with his family and deliver her to her mother, and I confided the lovely girl to his care—feeling it to be my duty to return her to her mother and her prospective inheritance.

"After Ime had sailed for Spain I waited patiently, for intelligence of her arrival there. Hearing nothing I began to grow very anxious in regard to her fate. But no tidings reached me. Mr. Blake and myself went thither to ascertain what had become of the vessel in which she had taken her departure. Judge then of my surprise, when Ime was again folded to my arms. She had been shipwrecked and brought to this country again. Some kind-hearted individual rescued her from a watery grave."

"And I said Conrad?" "was that individual."

"But another one also was saved in that awful hour," said Mrs. Blake; "the weird woman was there watching over the lovely Ime. How she came there no one ever knew."

"She bound Ime," continued Mrs. Blake "with an oath not to develop any thing that she knew of herself till she reached the twentieth year of her age!" "I sometimes think," said Conrad "that this woman was—no—not—it cannot be—and yet the tones of her voice remind me of my mother's nurse—Hildren. When a child she used to climb with me the rugged mountains or rove the fields to gather wild-flowers—or chase the wild fletting hare to his secret hiding-place. So familiar to me is the voice of the Hermitess of Hazel Glen—that she and my mother's nurse appear to be the same."

Conrad now retired to his chamber for the night—pondering on the diversified ways of Providence; and mysterious, though they seemed to him, yet he could but view them as wisest and best, since Divine Wisdom planned the universe and rules in all things, and Divine Goodness can permit only that which would contribute to the general good.

Once of vain and skeptic mind, Swayed by vanity and pride, Deeming good nor ill designed, I my Maker could deride.

Now his wisdom I adore, Now his grateful love commend, And till life's last days are o'er, I before his throne will bend.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

EARLY BIRDS.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

On valley and mountain Hill tops and leas, Wild birds are thronging Thick as can be: Down in the glades Where the solemn pines quiver 'Mid the brown alders That grow by the river.

When the Frost faded Summer's fair flowers, They fled from our North land To some Southern bowers: They have come with the Spring time To sing in their train Back to our meadows And gardens again.

They warble all softly In the gray dawn, I know to one sick room That music has gone: Fraught with sweet stories Of free gushing rills, Of breezes and birds In the paths of the hills.

To those in life's lightness Sweet visions they bring, Touched with a brightness, Borrowed from Spring: To the worn and weary Come songs from the bird, As if some kind friend The soul's faint had stirred.

They tell of the glory Of Spring's fairy realm, How young buds are out On the walnut and elm; How the Arbutus Is nestling down, In the laps of the woodlands Mossy and brown.

Gay minstrels of Summer We welcome them here, To the sweet bird Of the young year; Like the jessies and blossoms Brief is thy stay, As earth's fair hopes are fleetest And soonest decay.

April, 1857.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE SPIRIT'S OFFERING.

BY MATTIE MAT.

A violet dry and faded Is lying by my side, And yet its leaves still are laden With sweets as ere it died. 'Tis not the same pure waxen flow'r, 'Tis but a wither'd thing; Yet gave joy to a heart of gloom, As happy as 'twas fleeting.

My hand is trembling as it seeks To fold it from my sight, And tears are falling on my cheeks, Which glisten in the light; For memories round it cluster, Which breathe "forget me not," Ah! my eye will lose its lustre Ere I say thou art forgot.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.

BY WM. HATNER, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER XIV.

The Principles of Harmony—Books, &c. When only one part of a tune is sung, or played, it is called a melody. Every Bass, Tenor, Treble, or Alto, is a melody. When two or more melodies are sounded together this is called Harmony. The principle of Harmony are generally called Thorough-bass; and many valuable books have been written to explain them. I refer you especially to Mason's Musical Manual; Dr. Crotch's Elements of Musical Composition; Cherubini's Counterpoint and Fugue; Dr. Mox's General Musical Instruction; Mozart's Sacred Thorough-bass School; Cotel's Treatise on Harmony; Albrechtsberger's Collected writings on Thorough-bass, Harmony, and Counterpoints, for self instruction; and Calceoli's Musical Grammar. In this connection I also refer you to Moore's Encyclopedia of Music, a grand octavo of 1,004 pages. This work is an honor to the head and heart of its talented and tireless industrious author, Jno. W. Moore, of Bellows Falls, Vermont; and he is an honor to these broad United States, to the whole of which he belongs in the noble nationality of his character, and not merely to the little Green Mountain state which had the honor of giving him birth. This work of Moore's ought to be in the library of every Lawyer, Doctor, Editor, and Clergyman in the land, and indeed of every person who aspires to anything like ordinary intelligence; for it is not only the best Dictionary of Musical Terms in existence, but it explains the laws of Thorough-bass and the character and history of nearly every musical instrument known to the world. It contains also biographical sketches of all the notable musicians of Europe, and notices of their works; a list of nearly all the music-books that have ever been published in this country; and a huge amount of information, literary, scientific, and miscellaneous, which no one able to own five dollars, or to get them by begging, should do without. Could I know that even half a dozen of my readers would be induced by what I have said to purchase and study the works mentioned, I should feel amply paid for all my trouble in writing, &c.; for then I should have the sweet assurance that I had added vastly to the happiness of at least six human beings. O ye careless ones, why will you slight your own mercy and keep yourselves in ignorance and obscurity, when, by expending a few dollars for these noble works on Music, you might, in a few years, shine out the brilliant and useful Beethovens, Bachs, Handels, Haydns, Mozarts, and Mendelssohns of these United States? In the name of our country and of posterity I entreat you to shake off that hyperborean slumber which has kept you paralyzed so long that you have no idea of your own powers, and to rush forth into the sunlight of Music, where you shall presently be made conscious of intellectual resources and a power to do good in the world you have never dreamed you possessed.

Though unable from the magnitude of the subject, to give you, in an article or two, a thorough exposition of the Laws of Harmony, I shall proceed to make such remarks as will with persevering industry on your part, enable you to get a decidedly clever knowledge of them.

Any two notes that are just one degree apart (no matter what two) make the interval called a second; as I have explained in no. x. If the distances is a whole interval it is a major second; if a half interval it is a minor second. Now sing, or play every second in an octave till your ear becomes quite familiar with the horrid discord made by such notes when sounded together; and learn the difference between a major second and a minor one. Thirds come next: Any two notes 3 degrees apart make the interval of a third; as from C to E; from D to F; from E to G; from F to A, &c., through a whole octave. Thirds are of two kinds major and minor; a major third consisting of two whole intervals, and a minor, of one whole interval and a half. For example: From D to E is a whole interval from E to F a half; from F to G a whole, from G to A a whole, from A to B a whole, from B to C a half; from C to D a whole, from D to E a whole, and from E to F a half. This fifth differs from all that have preceded it in that it has in it two whole intervals and two halves. It is like the major fifth, has five places for notes, and of course four spaces between these notes, but two of the spaces are halves, which if put together would make one whole interval. In this regard it is very much like the major fourth, as every careful reader will note; but in this fourth there are only four places for notes, whereas in the minor fifth there are five places for notes.

Sixths come next. Begin again on that ever sweet and charming letter C: From C to D is a whole interval, from D to E a whole, from E to F a half, from F to G a whole, from G to A a whole. These extremes, C and A, together. Four whole intervals and one half lie between these two extremes. Again: From D to E is a whole interval from E to F a half, from F to G a whole, from G to A a whole, and from A to B a whole. Same as the other. Start on E: From E to F a half, from F to G a whole, and from G to A a whole. This sixth has in it two half intervals and three whole ones. This is the minor sixth, the other consisting of four whole intervals and one half—the major sixth. Now for sevenths. From C to B natural is a seventh. Count: From C to D a whole interval, from D to E a whole, from E to F a half, from F to G a whole, from G to A a whole, and from A to B a whole. Six whole intervals and one half.

to understand them. In playing these thirds you simply play C and E together, i. e. strike these two keys at the same instant, skipping over D, &c., so the end of this branch of the subject. You can learn all these intervals very readily by singing without the aid of any instrument but at least two voices will then be necessary to make it clear. But why should not every family, wherein there is enough of healthy enterprise to desire the education of the children in it, get a Melodeon, at least, if unable to buy a piano? (though a melodeon never gets out of tune; it may be broken if anybody will try hard enough to do it,) and one may be bought for a sum varying between \$45 and \$350 in N. Y. or Philadelphia. It is more easily played than a piano, and is a far superior instrument for sacred music. Children, let me whisper in your ears: Go home and tease pa and ma till they get you this most charming, cheap, and ever-ready instrument. Then you can learn all about music easily, and can play and sing all day Sunday when it rains and you can't get to church; pa can read the Bible for you, and you can all sing, and hold family prayer meeting! O how delightful to spend a sabbath thus! Such a course will keep the Spirit of evil from your family circle. Try it, and see how good it is.

But I have digressed; Fourth come next in order. These like all other intervals, except the octave, are of two kinds, major and minor. Sound C natural and F natural together. There is some harshness in the sound when both are made at the same time. Now count the distances between the notes from C to F, and see what will result. From C to D is a whole interval, and from D to E the same, but from E to F a half; two whole intervals and a half, to make this fourth. Now again; start from D: from D to E a whole, from E to F a half, and from F to G a whole interval: same style of fourth as the other, i. e. two whole intervals and one half. Now again: From E to F a half, from F to G a whole, and from G to A a whole interval. Same as before. Again: From F to G a whole, from G to A a whole, and from A to B a whole interval. This last is a major fourth—there whole intervals—while all the others consist of but two whole intervals and one half: a half interval less than the major. Minor always means less, and major means greater. Fifths come next. Count from C natural up to G natural, five notes: From C to D is a whole interval, from D to E a whole, from E to F a half, from F to G a whole. Now sound the two extreme notes, C and G, together: how enchantingly sweet! This is the major fifth, often called perfect fifth, because it is the sweetest chord in nature. It consists of three whole intervals and one half. Now we'll run through a whole octave and see how many fifths we can find: From D to E interval, from E to F a half, from F to G a whole and from G to A a whole. Same as the last, viz. three whole intervals and a half. Go on: From E to F a half, from F to G a whole, from G to A a whole, and from A to B a whole interval. Same as the others. Again: From F to G is a whole interval, from G to A a whole, from A to B a whole, and from B to C a half. Three and a half again. Proceed: from G to A a whole interval, from A to B a whole, from B to C a half, and from C to D a whole. Perfect fifth again. From D to B a whole interval, from B to C a half, from C to D a whole, and from D to E a whole. Perfect fifth again. From E to C a half interval, from C to D a whole, from D to E a whole, and from E to F a half. This fifth differs from all that have preceded it in that it has in it two whole intervals and two halves. It is like the major fifth, has five places for notes, and of course four spaces between these notes, but two of the spaces are halves, which if put together would make one whole interval. In this regard it is very much like the major fourth, as every careful reader will note; but in this fourth there are only four places for notes, whereas in the minor fifth there are five places for notes.

The Teacher.

Called for the rulers of the Times.

COMMON SENSE AND KNOWLEDGE OF HUMAN NATURE—GENERAL INFORMATION.

One may have at his command all the information contained within the covers of all the books ever published, and yet he will be, comparatively, a useless man, unless he exercises good sense and discrimination in the use of his knowledge, and, at the same time, possesses that understanding of human nature that will enable him to use and apply his information at the right time, as well as in the best way. In other words, he should know how, and when, and where, he can most wisely, acceptably, and efficiently, impart the desired instruction or influence. The teacher must take things as he finds them, and strive to improve them; and not, as is too often the case, by looking at things as he would desire to have them, so far separate himself from the real as to annul his influence and power in attempting to bring about the desired state of affairs. But let the instructor look at affairs as they are, all discouraging and objectionable though they be—let him, by examining into the true state of matters as they exist, ascertain what difficulties, and obstacles, and prejudices must be surmounted or removed, before his efforts to draw upward can have a full and direct bearing. After a little preparatory examination and labor at the foundation, he may ascend, and draw his pupils after him. Who has not seen men standing at a distance, and vainly striving "with all their might" to move some object to which they had attached a cord? After much toiling and fretting at a remote point, a near approach to the object brought to view some trifling obstacle, whose removal was easily effected, and then the work, previously so impossible of accomplishment, was readily performed. So it is, frequently, with some teachers; they stand so far from the work to be executed that they do not observe the real nature and extent of the difficulties that cluster around it, at its very foundation. In taking charge of a school, the instructor should gain all possible information in relation to the parents for whom he is to labor, and with whom he should have a most friendly and cooperative spirit. He should learn what he can of their habits, their feelings, their prejudices, and their opinions; and then, with an enlarged and common-sense view of matters as he finds them, he should labor wisely and perseveringly to rectify errors and effect a right feeling and action; and, without manifesting aught of an impatient spirit, let him "learn to labor and to wait."

This common-sense view of things, and this knowledge of human nature, are no less desirable and important in the treatment and management of pupils than in reference to parents and guardians. The teacher should carefully study the characters, dispositions, habits, and influences of different pupils, that he may the better discipline and instruct them; otherwise, he may sometimes widely err. No two pupils are precisely alike, and hence no precise and unvarying course of discipline should be adopted, but a constant effort should be to have an adaptiveness to individual circumstances and wants. Hence, the instructor "must avail himself of every means to find out all the faults and excellences, the strong and weak points, of his pupils' character,—their temptations, their predilections, their difficult and easy processes. In short, he must study them symptomatically, as a faithful and discriminating physician does his patients, to know what they are, what they may become, and what ought to be done for them."

The remark is frequently made, that teachers are too exclusive in their habits, too exclusive in their views, and too sensitive in their feelings, and not sufficiently acquainted with the world and its operations as existing around them. "Mr. A," it is said, "would make a most excellent and efficient teacher, if he would only mingle more with the people, and acquire more accurate knowledge of matters and things in general." And it must be confessed that, in many cases, there is too much of truth in the observation. To do well in the world, and exert the greatest amount of influence, the instructor should possess a familiar knowledge of general affairs. He should know something of the business community, with its various devices, tricks, and deceptions, that he may impart to his pupils a suitable degree of cautious prudence, to prepare them properly to encounter the temptations and treacherous arts with which they will surely meet when they take their stand on life's busy stage. He should also possess an acquaintance with the manners and customs of society, and the rules of etiquette and propriety, that his own deportment and conversation, improved thereby, may have a happy effect on the minds of his pupils, and aid them in becoming useful and agreeable members of the community. He should be familiar with the various civil, religious, literary, and benevolent movements of the world, that he may the better discharge his duties, and secure the higher respect of those with whom and for whom he labors.

"But," say some, "while we admit the truth and feel the importance of what you say, we at the same time feel that the present situation of the instructor forbids him from the statement of the instructor's duties and privileges alluded to." This is, too often, the case. So large a part of the teacher's time and energies is engrossed by the peculiar cares and exercises of the school-room, and the nature of his duties is such, that he is unfitted for spending the few leisure

hours he may have, profitably, by participating in the common concerns or amusements of the day. He may, every morning, resolve upon certain plans of operation for the hours of evening; but the care and air of the school-room are sure to prostrate and exhaust him as to incapable to him from engaging heartily in anything but rest.

"And, moreover," say some, "the vast majority of teachers cannot afford to participate, respectfully, in the social, literary, benevolent, or civil operations of the day. If they are young men, just entering the profession, they will find the scanty remuneration they receive hardly adequate to supply their absolute and immediate wants; and if one has a family dependent upon his efforts and resources, still more difficult will it be for him to devote any time or means to affairs not immediately connected with the peculiar duties of his profession." But I will only add that teachers must labor patiently in every "good way and work,"—labor, it may be, under disheartening circumstances, but in the hope of a "better time coming"—a time which their well-directed efforts may hasten on,—a time which will honor and reward them, and bless the community.

"Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait."

Farm, House and Inn.

SUNFLOWER CULTURE AS A PREVENTATIVE OF THE FEVER AND AGUE.—Under this head, Mr. Maury has an interesting letter in the "Rural New Yorker," April 4th, in which he gives the result of an experiment made by him, last year, with the cultivation of sun flowers as a preventative of ague and fever. He says:

"The dwelling of the Superintendent is adjoining the Observatory, which is situated on a hill on the left bank of the Potomac, in lat. 38 deg. 39 min., 53 sec. It is 94 feet above the low water of ebb tide, and about 400 yards from the river. The grounds pertaining to it contain about 17 acres, enclosed by a brick wall on the east, south and west sides, with a picket fence on the north. The south wall runs along nearly parallel with the river, so does the west. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, fringed by a single row of sycamores of some twenty years growth, separates the wall from the river. In fact the river, with its marshes at the foot of the hill, encircles the grounds of the Observatory half way round, viz: from S. E. by way of S. to N. W. Thus you perceive, we are in a sort of bend in the river. Most of the marshes are just 'a wash' at low water, parts of them are bare when the tide is out, and all of them in the early summer are covered with a rank growth of grass and weeds, which begin to decay in August. This is the commencement, too, of the sickly season, and a few minutes' walk about the grounds of the Observatory after sunset, has been found to bring on upon strangers an attack of ague and fever. The place is so unhealthy that my family are compelled to desert it for four or five months every year. Last year they broke up early in May, and did not return till November."

Then a process of reasoning like the following led him to try the experiment:—"If it be the decay of the vegetable matter on the marshes that produces the sickness on the hill, then the sickness must be owing to the deleterious effects of some gas, miasma or effluvia, that is set free during the decomposition, and if so, the poisonous matter, or the basis of it, whatever it be, must have been elaborated during the growth of the weeds and set free in their decay. Now, if this reasoning be good, why might we not, by planting other vegetable matter between the marshes and the hill, and by bringing it into vigorous growth just about the time that that of the marshes begin to decay, bring fresh force of the vegetable kingdom again to play upon this poisonous matter, and elaborate it again into vegetable tissue, and so purify the air."

"This reasoning," he says, "appeared plausible enough to justify the trouble and experiment, and I was encouraged to expect more or less success from it, in the circumstance that every body said, 'plant trees between you and the marshes—they will keep off the chills.' But as to the trees, it so happens that at the very time when the decomposition on the marshes is going on most rapidly, the trees, for the most part, have stopped their growth to prepare for the winter, and though trees might do some good, yet a rank growth of something got up for the occasion might do more. Hops climb high; they are good absorbents, and of a rank growth, but there were objections to hops on account of staves, poles, &c. I recollected that I had often seen sun flowers growing about cabins in the West, and had heard, in explanation, that it was 'healthy' to have them. This was so much more in favor of making the experiment with sunflowers."

"An acre of sun flowers will absorb during their growth many thousand gallons of water more than are supplied by the rains. They are great absorbents. They are of easy cultivation, and the seed are very valuable. I paid \$8 a bushel for them. This plant, therefore, apparently offered to fulfill all the conditions required to satisfy the problem; for if the supposition that the ague and fever poison be imparted to the atmosphere by the decaying vegetable matter in the marshes, and if this poison were set free during the process of the decay, why should not the sun flowers, in their rank growth absorb it and again elaborate it into vegetable matter, and so

fix it, at least for a while, and until cold weather? I consulted upon this subject with one of the most useful men this country ever produced—the late A. J. Downing, of Newburg,—and he thought the idea was a good one.

"Finally, I resolved to make the experiment, at the risk of spoiling the beautiful lawn. Accordingly, in the fall of 1855, the gardener trenched up to the depth of two and a half feet a belt about forty five feet broad around the Observatory on the marshy side, and from 150 to 200 yards from the buildings. The conditions of the theory I was about to try required rich ground, tall sun flowers and a rank growth. Accordingly, after being well manured from the stable yard, the ground was properly prepared and planted in sun flowers last spring. They grew finely; the sickly season was expected with more than the usual anxiety. Finally it set in, and there was shaking at the President's House and other places as usual, but for the first time since the Observatory was built the watchmen about it weathered the summer clear of chills and fevers. Those men, being most exposed to the night air, suffer most, and heretofore two or three relays of them would be attacked during the season; for as one falls sick another is employed in his place, who, in turn, being attacked, would in like manner give way to a fresh hand. And last year, attacks of ague and fever were more than usually prevalent in the neighboring parts of the city."

"Here is an encouragement, not discounting of proof—but it is worth further trial, at any rate. Accordingly the gardener is making ready to try the experiment again this year, but with variations. The seeds are not to be planted quite as early as in the first instance; and, in the next place, there are to be two plantings, so that the last crop may be caught by the frost while yet the plants are flowering, and, therefore, in full and vigorous growth during the season of active decay in the marshes."

"Suppose the fact should be established that a hedge of sun flowers between the dwellings of farmers and the ponds or marshes and standing pools, would generally keep ague and fever away, the discovery that such a simple contrivance would constitute an impassable barrier to 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness' would be an achievement worth recording."

Lieut. M. adds in a postscript, that after writing the foregoing he had a conversation with Mr. Watt, the public gardener, who informs him that many years ago similar experiments were made in France with like success.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.
I AM COMPOSED OF 24 LETTERS.

My 7, 4, 8, 18, 9, 10, was the most ancient of the gods.

My 16, 14, 15, 10, was the god of war.

My 5, 7, 4, 21, 15, 6, was the daughter of Hyperion and Itha.

My 13, 12, 20, 21, 23, 5, was the beloved of Jupiter.

My 11, 24, 8, 7, 17, 14, was one of the Graces.

My 10, 14, 11, 7, 4, 22, was the god of Time.

My 1, 2, 17, 21, was one of the Muses.

My 11, 15, 17, 20, 21, 23, was a son of Neptune.

My 20, 6, 18, 11, 12, 7, 10, was immersed in water, and burning with thirst, but unable to drink.

My 1, 14, 10, 20, 21, 4, was one of the celebrated twins who lived and died alternately every six months.

My 12, 11, 2, 5, 10, bore the world on his shoulders.

My 8, 21, 15, 19, 21, 23, 10, was the name given to three sisters whose heads were covered with vipers.

My 1, 24, 5, 15, 21, 18, was an infernal deity.

My 16, 21, 16, 9, 10, was the god of folly, satire, and pleasantry.

My 13, 2, 21, 15, 12, was the goddess of flowers.

My 17, 4, 17, 10, was the waiting maid of Juno.

My whole is the name and place of residence of one of the best writers of the day, as well as the most beautiful girl in her native State.

WILLIE C. W.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA, April 30.—Mouse, churches, robin, Greene, onion, minute, horse, croquet, herring, Therese. My whole, "The Times," Greensborough, N. C.

ANSWER TO QUESTION.—Whole sum \$1600; each share \$400.

THE PRES.—The Pulpit—and Petti-coats; the three ruling Powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads—considerably.

Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the world enclosed in a field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside, to raise potatoes on.

Sam was asked what he thought of the effects of hot drinks on the system. "Hot drinks, sir," said he, "are decidedly bad. Tea and coffee, sir, are hurtful. And even hot punch, when it is very hot—indeed—and taken often in large quantities, I suppose, is slightly deleterious."

"How shameful it is that you should fall asleep," said a dull preacher to a drowsy audience, "whilst that poor idiot," pointing to an idiot who stood staring at him, "is awake and attentive." "Perhaps," said the fool, "I would have been asleep, too, if I had not been an idiot."

When Foote was at Salt Hill, he dined at the Castle; and when Partridge produced the bill, which was rather exorbitant, Foote asked him, "Partridge, is it possible, by the length of your bill."

DRUGS! DRUGS! DRUGS!!!
Just to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

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MARBLE YARD.
NORTH STREET, NEAR HOPKINS HOTEL, Greensboro, N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVESTONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

GEO. HEINRICH,
(City.)
Feb. 2, 1857.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have regular agency for which I receive the New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.

JAMES M. HUGHES,
March 12, 1857.

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NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.
The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. P. The Artist's Bride, or the Fanny Drake's Heir, Bennett; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, Melrose; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Ossian: Old Homer, the Pagan-Brother, or the Orphan's Legacy; My Last Knight, or Where we went and what we saw, Habersham; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tualah; View of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Hood's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened; Poems of Nature; Poems of National and Patriotic by Cutler; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Humorous Poetry of the English Language; Euclid Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States; Cyclopaedia of the United States Literature, Duyckinck, &c. &c.

At the Book Store by
April 16. **E. W. OGBURN & CO.**

NOTICE.—VALUABLE LANDS FOR SALE. The subscriber being desirous to move West, offers for sale the following tract of land, situated in the South-East corner of Guilford County, on the waters of striking quarter 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 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Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

SOMETHING NEW AT COFFEE.
The undersigned, the Latest process out and is believed by those observers to be at the head of the fine arts. They are different from the Ambrosy and somewhat resemble the Colored Pudding, though more true to life. The